

As Usual, Pete Holds the Keys of the Situation

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



NEWS OF THE CIVIL WAR

Retold From the Daily Papers As It Occurred

FIFTY YEARS AGO TODAY



THE memorable struggle which attracted the attention of the whole civilized world, and known as the civil war, began just fifty years ago.

The old newspapers of both northern and southern cities published during that stirring period have been searched, and from day to day the war news and current reflection of public sentiment are presented as they appeared in each section at that time.

From the southland the dispatches are taken directly from the files of an old-time newspaper of Richmond, Va., and from the north the news is drawn from several sources, including files of old papers in several of the larger cities.

The Northern View

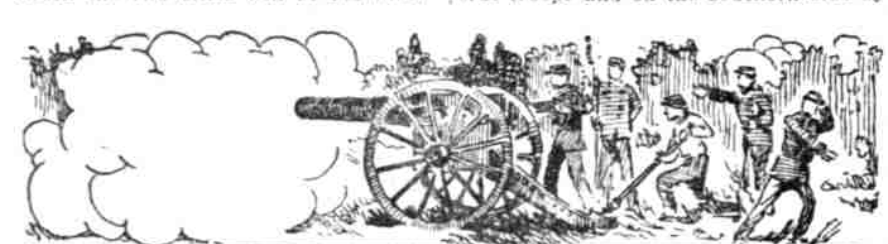
April 30, 1861 (Tuesday).

The trains which left Baltimore for Washington yesterday were stopped at Annapolis Junction by government troops, and forced to return. It is impossible to learn how soon traffic between the two cities will be resumed.

The Southern View

April 30, 1861 (Tuesday).

The report that Lincoln will blockade all ports in Virginia and North Carolina has been confirmed. The long bridge at Washington is guarded on the northern side by a large force of federal troops and on the southern side by detachments of southern volunteers. A clash is expected at any minute.



The railroad from Annapolis to Washington is guarded by federal troops, placed in squads all along the line within hailing distance of each other.

The fear that Fort Monroe is in danger is entirely unfounded. Col. Dimick, the commanding officer, has two regiments of volunteers and seven companies of regular troops, and with these his position is strong enough to resist an attack of 20,000 men.

The steamer Monticello and a federal gunboat arrived at Annapolis yesterday, and were at once sent down the bay to assist in blockading the Virginia ports. The steamer Wyoming is being converted into a gunboat, and will be ready for active service within a few days.

A detachment of 250 men of the Eighth New York regiment, with two pieces of artillery, are entrenching themselves on a ridge on the north side of the Severn river, about ten miles above Annapolis, and commanding the road to Baltimore.



Last evening the bodies of three members of the Massachusetts regiment who were killed by the mob in Baltimore on April 18, arrived in this city on their way to Boston, where they will be given a public funeral and buried with all the military honors.

Editors of the Tenth Legion (Woodstock, Va.) and of the Lexington Valley Star say farewell to their readers and enter the service of the state.

Day Go Wrong? Aw, Try These

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY
A big peace dinner is to be arranged. This is like getting things peace-meal.

Not Boarding House Kind
"Is she a good cook?"
"Is she a good cook?" Say, I believe that woman could make something good to eat out of prunes.

Defined
"What is gossip?"
"The unkind things people say about you."

Dame Fashion's Jumps Give Us the Dumps

We freely confess that the tip of a toe
"Neath and old-fashioned voluminous skirt
Never quite filled us with all sorts of woe,
Or branded the girl as a flirt.

But now, in these days of "harems and hobbles,"
And girls wildly crossing their feet,
Our brains are filled up with the wobbly wobbles,
And we're jumping right out of our seat.

Moon-eyed Muriel; Or, Solved At Last

All the other girls were dressed in the latest kind of shirtwaists.
All the other girls wore sashes of the palest colors.

All the other girls looked askance at Muriel.
All the other girls looked that way at Muriel because she, Muriel, Muriel the moon-eyed, the one mentioned in



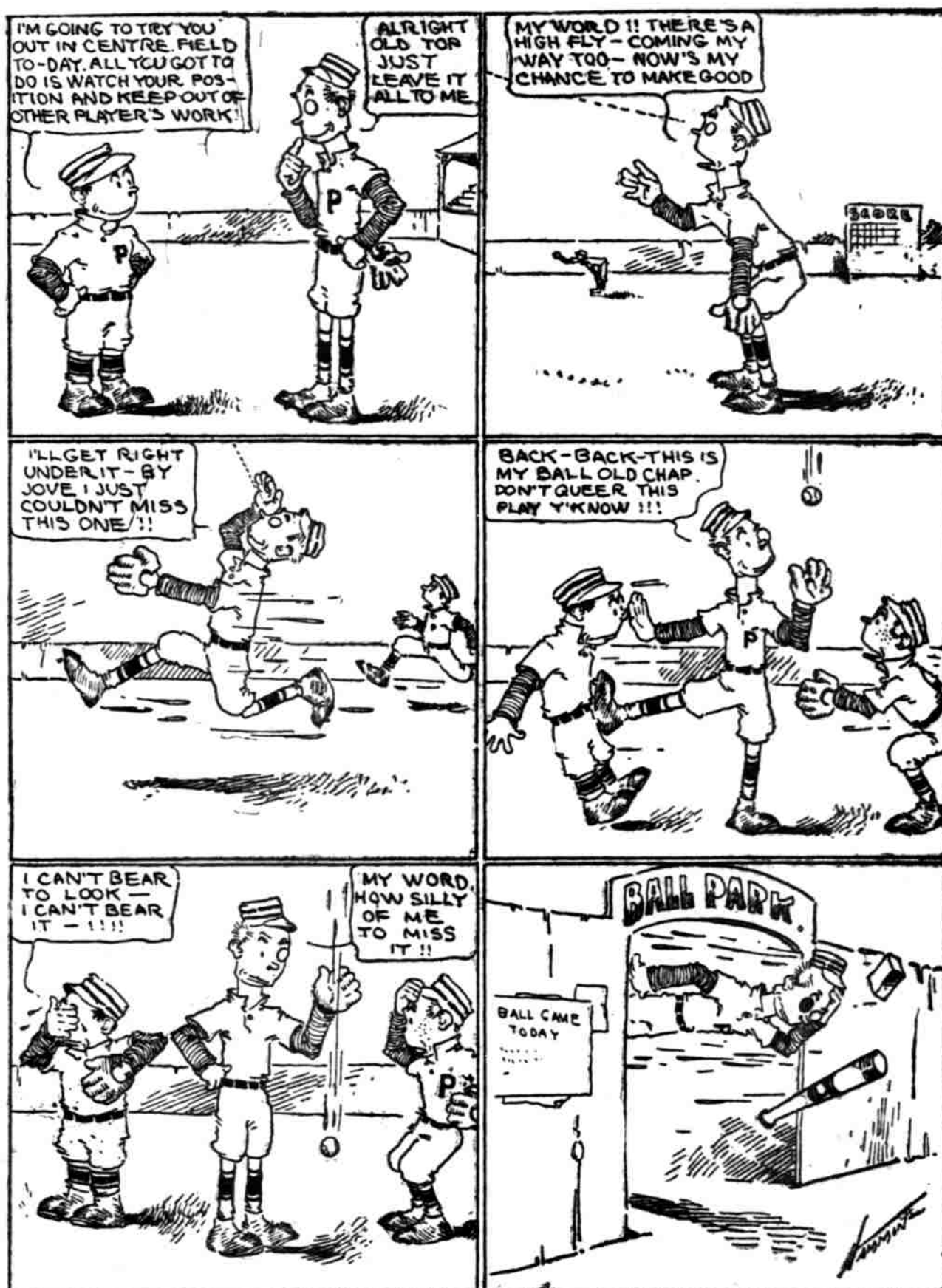
the heading, wore a dark waist almost somber and a black satin sash.
"The idea of wearing a dark shirt and a black satin sash to a moonlight picnic," they all exclaimed, all at once, in unison, in fact in one breath at the same.
"Get wise, kids," said Muriel sweetly, "my steady's a coal heaver, and if he had his arm around a white waist for three hours I'd be busy with washtub and soapuds all tomorrow morning."

By JAMES H. HAMMON

Drawn for The Washington Times.

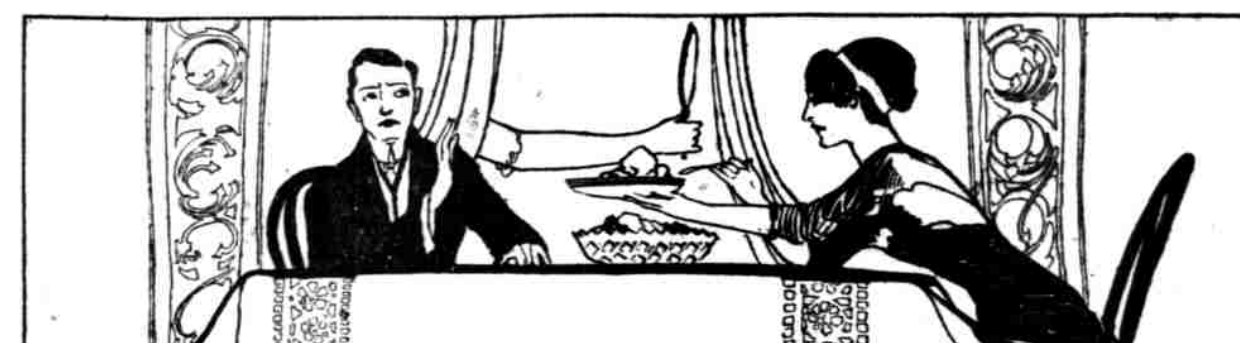
ALGY

He Took a High One—Nearly



Loretta's Looking-Glass

She Holds It Up to a Worried Wife



"I CAN'T understand it! The harder I try to please my husband the less I succeed. He seems to take it for granted that I should do everything to make myself satisfactory to him without having any reward of appreciation. And if I do something especially calculated to make him happy, he often gets grouchy instead."

You Are a Bore

You are really worried. Your intentions are so good that you assume the right of martyrdom because they are not taken at your own valuation. But I can tell you something. You are a bore.

Maybe one of your troubles is that you have tried to please your husband in your own way. Suppose you take a turn at pleasing him in some other way. Experiment till you find a method.

considering your own. He is seized with the wish to greet your especially prepared dish with, "Oh, I suppose you have stopped eating. I'm the only animal in this house who does anything so vulgar!"

It is your own fault if he forgets his manners and says it. I have no patience with these wives who snivel and say, "I did everything in my power to make him happy! And, just see!"

Does it never dawn upon you that a man wants a wife he can respect as the head of his home, not a whiny woman who tries to ingratiate herself into his favor with a continued catering to his appetites. Respect yourself and the institution that depends directly on you! Don't try so hard to "please" your husband as a courtesan and a servant might. Don't make him feel like a tyrant at whose frown you tremble and at whose silence you are terrified.

Judgment and Common Sense

Pull yourself up out of your chronic crouching. Let him see you, full-grown and self-respecting. He would like to think that, in marrying you, he had exhibited taste and discretion. He would like to feel that he had demonstrated his possession of judgment and common sense. But you display a disposition to lower him to a level of utter idiocy. You do your best to prove that he has deliberately selected a scoundrel and a silly whiner. Give him a chance to play fair by letting him do something for you. Just absorb the idea that you mean just as much, have quite as great a value as he. He wants to think so. That is probably what makes him "grouchy" when you rob him of the opportunity.

OUR DEVIL WONDERS



If they call them problem plays because they solve the problem of providing a living for needy playwrights and managers who otherwise would starve to death.

MAMIE TELLS BELLE

The Man With the Needle
Mustache Is King Freak, and

ALL THE WORLD'S A CIRCUS



AVIN' up your pennies to go to the circus, Belle? I don't know what the old folks would do if there wasn't any circus to take the kids to. It's a fact, Belle, to every bored lookin' kid at the circus you'll see six or seven old fogies that oughtn't to care a rap about the clowns, or whether or not the stout, blue-legged lady on the trapeze is ever goin' to stop posin' and get to work.

It's the side show that in'trests me, Belle. It's not so much what you see there as the way people'll open their mouths and almost break their necks rubberin' when they can see bigger freaks free of charge right outside their front doors every day in the year. But that's the way it is, Belle; people miss half the pleasure of livin' by holdin' to the idea that nothing's worth talkin' about unless they have to pay to get a peep at it or travel a hundred miles to see it.

Now, the last time I took in a side show about a million people were growin' pop-eyed starin' at the lion-faced boy and lookin' as though they thought it was ridiculous of the management to let them in for 10 cents. I don't deny that the lion-faced boy wasn't worth the price of admission, but he couldn't help it, and I don't consider he was half as int'restin' a freak as the man with the needle mustache I pass every day goin' home.



And I'm always hopin' against hope that the next time I see him he'll have little weights hangin' on each side of it, to show people it's just as strong as it looks, the way they do in side shows.

The painf'ly fash'n'able young man in the tight trousers and coat is every bit as funny to me as the livin' skeleton, and as an added attraction his face is gen'rally funnier, too. That's a few of 'em, Belle, but all the world's a circus, and the side show's almost as large as the big tent.

CHIMMIE'S HISTORY

The Boston tea party sounds like a good time, but it kost sumpdy a lot of munny, all rite. Evvin wen this kuntry wasn't Amerika the Amerikins wouldn't let nobuddy pick on them, wich is won resin they are wat they are to-day, and evvrybody nos wat that is. Before they had anything to celebrate the Forth of July about, the Amerikins serenly was grate tea drinkurs. No-buddy wood evr think of ording caw-fee or milk them. It was alwas tea, tea, like a lot of old lads, and if



anybody didn't like it they new wat they cood do. And that's why King Gorge and the British thawt they cood have a slash puttin' big tacks on the tea, so the Amerikins would have to pay moar than wat it was warth. Serves them rite, King George sed, to send on the tea. And the Amerikins in Boston got awl dressed up like Indians. Bekaus if there's anythin' a Indian hates, it's tea, and dumped all the tea into the Bostin river. And if there's tea growin' on the bottom of the Bostin river today, you know the reason.

Our Grocery Clerk Says Red Is Danger

Don't say it. Where's that first prize red necktie I was sportin' yesterday? Canned, gentle inquirer, canned with the rest of the has beens. And at that I never expect to see another tie of just that shade of red or one that you can see quite so far.

I bought it in a desperate effort to make a crash with Juliet. I thought if



anything could make the fair but cold cashier thaw a little, it would be that tie. It cost me two bucks, but I'd have paid twice that much. I must have passed the cashier's cage a thousand times yesterday, each time with my coat wide open.

Chew These Carefully; They Aid Digestion

TOO GLARING
I'm talking to a copper.
He told an awful whopper.
The copper murmured, "It's a cinch That wouldn't do you at a pinch."

Still Hoping
"I have good reasons," said the poet. "For believing that the world is beginnin' to think well of me."

"Well," his wife replied, "why shouldn't it? You're practically a dead one."

Pat's View Of It

Chauffeur—I suppose, now you wouldn't believe this car was 40 horsepower?
McGuire—Forty hor-r-sepower! Look at that! Begor, it'll cost yez somethin' fer oats!—Titi-Bits.

Maybe You've Met Them, Too

They're dandy little handits. And I fell into their lair; They carried snow white napkins And all wore coal black hair.

I had a little sandwich And a glass or two of beer. Say, "Uncle," what's this watch worth? So I can go away from here.

